





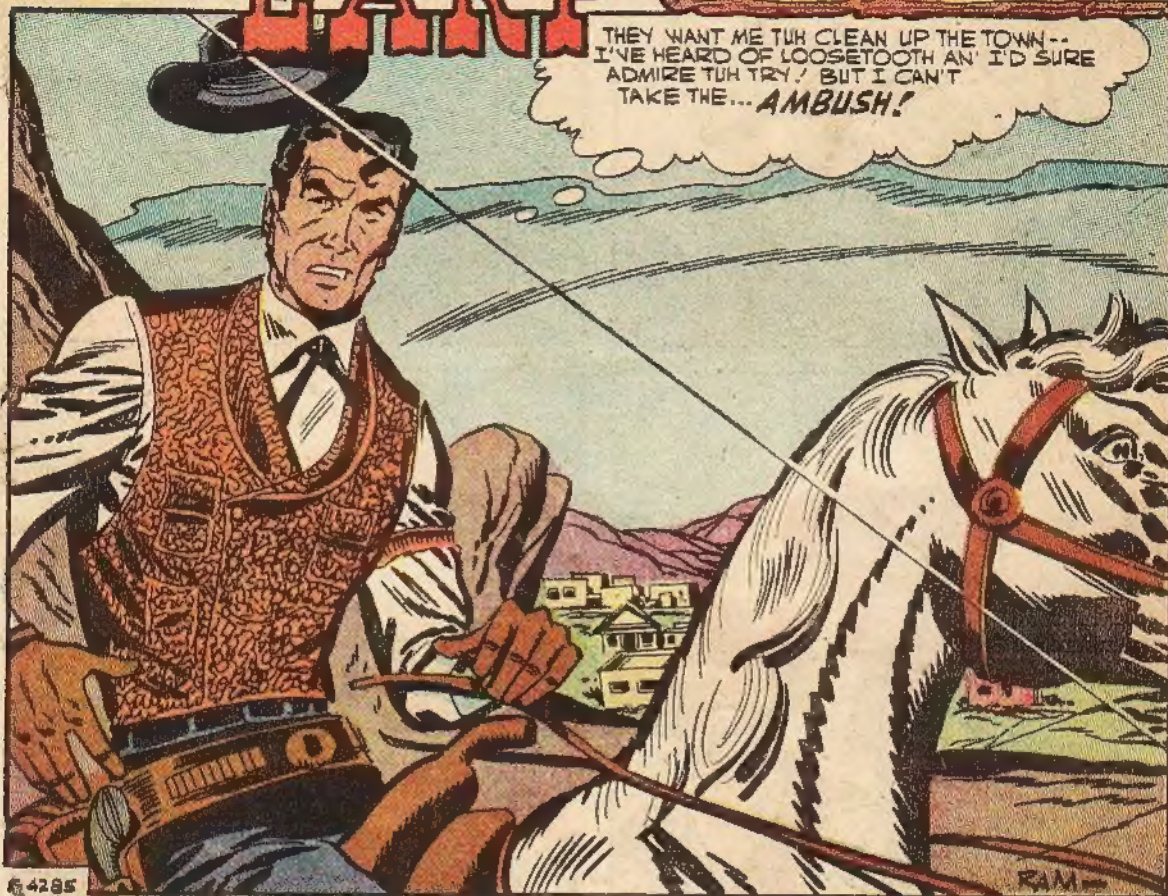
## WYATT EARP, FRONTIER MARSHAL

# WYATT EARP

THE UNRULY CITIZENS OF LOOSETOOTH GOT THE NEWS ABOUT WYATT EARP THE SAME MORNING HE WAS DUE TO ARRIVE -- HE WAS GOING TO BE ASKED TO CLEAN UP THE TOWN. SLICK EGAN DIDN'T LIKE IT -- HE KNEW HE'D BE THE FIRST TO GO. SO, HE TOOK STEPS TO DISCOURAGE THE LAWMAN!

## BADMAN'S TEST

THEY WANT ME TUH CLEAN UP THE TOWN -- I'VE HEARD OF LOOSETOOTH AN' I'D SURE ADMIRE TUH TRY. BUT I CAN'T TAKE THE... **AMBUSH!**



4285

EGAN'S PALATIAL GAMBLING JOINT WAS HEAD-QUARTERS FOR ALL THE ONLHOOTERS IN THE AREA! SLICK EGAN HAD CALLED A MEETING...

EARP WON'T EVER GET TO LOOSETOOTH, GENTS -- I'VE GOT WOLFFE UP ON THE RIM WITH HIS WINCHESTER. BUT IF HE DOES...



...I WANT HIM FIXED GOOD BEFORE HE'S SWORN IN. MAKE HIM LOOK BAD -- EARS, YOU USE YOUR FISTS ON HIM FIRST. IF WE CAN RUN HIM OUT OF TOWN WITHOUT SHOOTIN', IT'LL ATTRACT LESS ATTENTION.



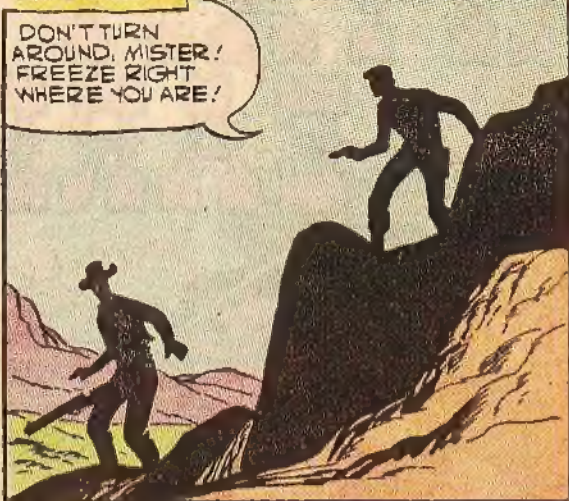


# WYATT EARP, FRONTIER MARSHAL

THE BUSHWHACKER EGAN SELECTED FOR FIRST CRACK AT WYATT EARP WAS AN EXPERT IN HIS LINE...



...BUT WYATT EARP HAD RUN INTO BUSHWHACKERS BEFORE...



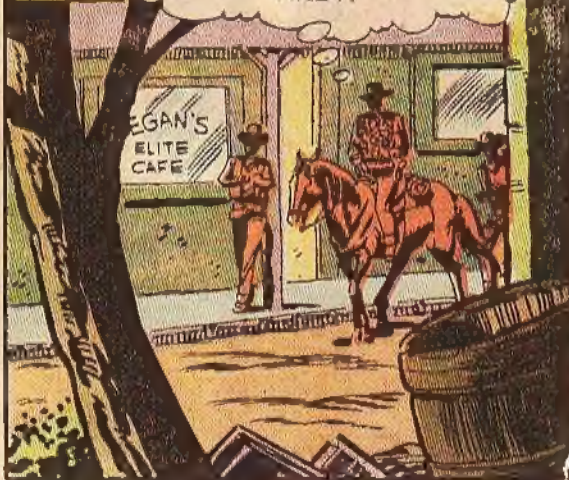
"UH GET A CHOICE, BUSTER-- RIDE INTOH TOWN AN' GET LOCKED UP OR GET OUT OF THE COUNTRY! WHAT'LL IT BE?"

"I'LL LEAVE, MISTER EARP! R-RIGHT NOW!"



LATER...

"THERE'S EGAN'S PLACE! I RECKON I'LL STOP IN THERE FIRST."



"WHERE'S EGAN? I'D LIKE TUH TALK TUH HIM ABOUT A HAT."

"TALK TUH ME, MISTER."



"WHAT FOR, UGLY? NO, YOU DON'T..."





# WYATT EARP, FRONTIER MARSHAL



HOLD IT, BRUZZER!  
I'M NOT FISTFIGHTIN'  
YOU-- I'VE GOT  
MORE IMPORTANT  
WORK TUH DO.'

YUH'RE  
YELLA,  
EARP.'

WYATT EARP?  
DID EARS  
GET TOO  
ROUGH  
FOR YOU?

IF YUH WANT  
TUH KEEP HIM  
AROUND, EGAN,  
KEEP HIM AWAY  
FROM ME.'

I'LL GET AROUND TUH HIM  
WHEN I GET EVERY-  
THING ELSE UNDER  
CONTROL.'

SLICK EGAN HAD TO STOP EARP  
BEFORE THE TOWN COUNCIL  
GAVE HIM THE BADGE...

GET OUTSIDE--QUICK!  
BRACE HIM ON THE STREET.  
CONNERS IS WAITING TO HELP  
YOU-- HE'S IN THE ALLEY  
NEXT TO THE BANK.'

HOLD IT, EARP-- I DON'T  
LIKE YORE FACE.' WE  
DON'T WANT YUH IN  
THIS TOWN.'



# WYATT EARP, FRONTIER MARSHAL

WYATT  
EARP  
KNEW  
HE WAS  
IN A  
TRAP --  
HE'D  
HEARD  
A .45  
BEING  
COCKED  
TO ONE  
SIDE --  
AND  
KNEW  
HE'D BE  
FACING  
TWO  
BLAZING  
GUNS  
ANY  
SECOND...





# WYATT EARP, FRONTIER MARSHAL

WYATT EARP WENT TO THE LOCAL HARDWARE STORE FIRST...

THAT'S RIGHT-- LET THE FUSE HANG OUT ABOUT SIX INCHES!

THE FUSE'LL BURN DOWN QUICK-- LESS'N **TWO** MINUTES!



HE WENT TO THE VACANT MARSHAL'S OFFICE NEXT AND SPENT A BUSY TEN MINUTES IN THERE! THEN...

HERE HE COMES, MR. EGAN!



YOU'RE THROUGH, EARP! YOU WON'T GET OUT THOSE DOORS AGAIN!

I THINK I WILL, EGAN! I'VE GOT SOME NAMES ON THIS LIST!



HE HAD NAMES-- HE READ THEM OFF! THE MEN WERE WANTED FOR VARIOUS CRIMES... AND THEY WERE ON EGAN'S PAYROLL...

TELSON--BLACKIE HOWE--STEVE SONACK--ABE WOLFF-- DROP YORE IRONS... YORE ALL UNDER ARREST!

HE'S BLUFFIN'! LET'S CUT 'IM DOWN!



PASS YORE GUNS OVER HERE-- THIS FUSE'LL START FIZZIN' WHEN I COUNT THREE! ONE... TWO...



I WANT ALL THE GUNS!





# WYATT EARP, FRONTIER MARSHAL



WYATT  
EARP  
NEVER  
WORE  
THE  
MARSHAL'S  
BADGE  
IN  
LOOSE-  
TOOTH...  
THE  
TOWN  
COUNCIL  
SUDDENLY  
FOUND  
THEM-  
SELVES  
WITH  
NO  
PROBLEMS...



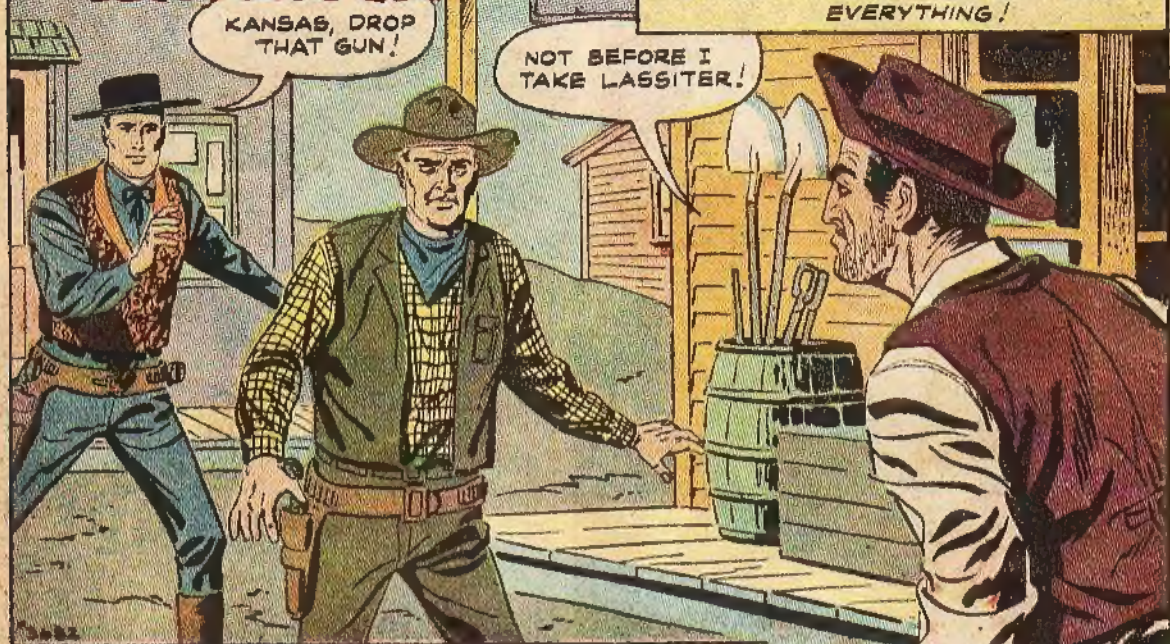


## WYATT EARP, FRONTIER MARSHAL

# WYATT EARP

### A WAY TO FIGHT!

MANY A FAST GUNMAN HAS BEEN DOWNED BY A SLOWER BUT SMARTER MAN WHO COULD THINK AS WELL AS DRAW! BUT SWIFT, GUN-HAPPY YOUNGSTERS CAN'T SEE ANY FURTHER THAN THE HOLSTER AT THEIR THIGH AND WORSHIP THE FALSE GOD, "GUN," AND SO GROW SMALL IN SPIRIT AND SOUL! THIS IS THE STORY OF SUCH A BOY AND OF WYATT EARP'S ATTEMPT TO SHOW HIM THAT THE GUN ISN'T EVERYTHING!



KANSAS, DROP THAT GUN!

NOT BEFORE I TAKE LASSITER!

I TOLD YOU TO DROP IT!

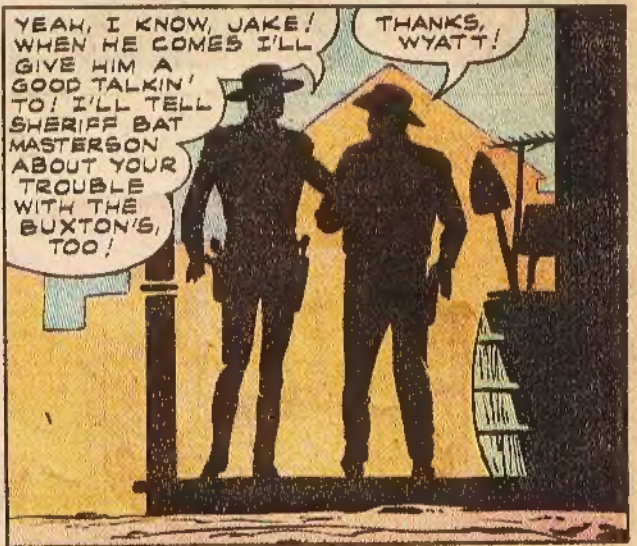
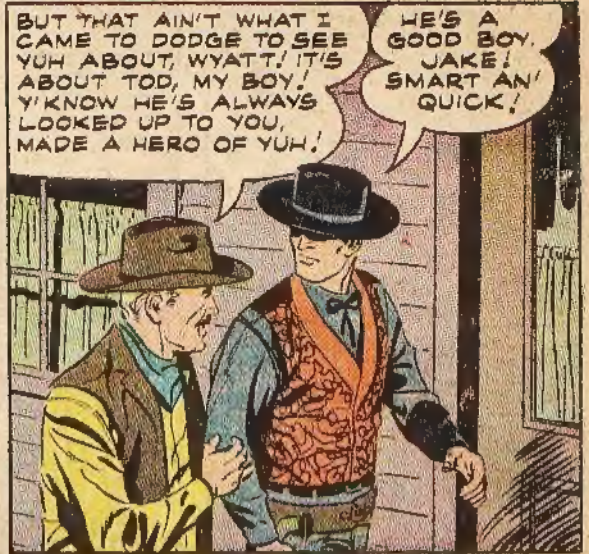
YOU AIN'T GOT NOTHIN' ON ME! IT WAS AN EVEN BREAK!

SURE... A PRACTICED GUNMAN AGAINST A MAN WHO NEVER USES A GUN! LEGALLY I CAN'T HOLD YOU! BUT GET OUT OF TOWN OR I'LL FIND REASON TO JAIL YOU!





# WYATT EARP, FRONTIER MARSHAL



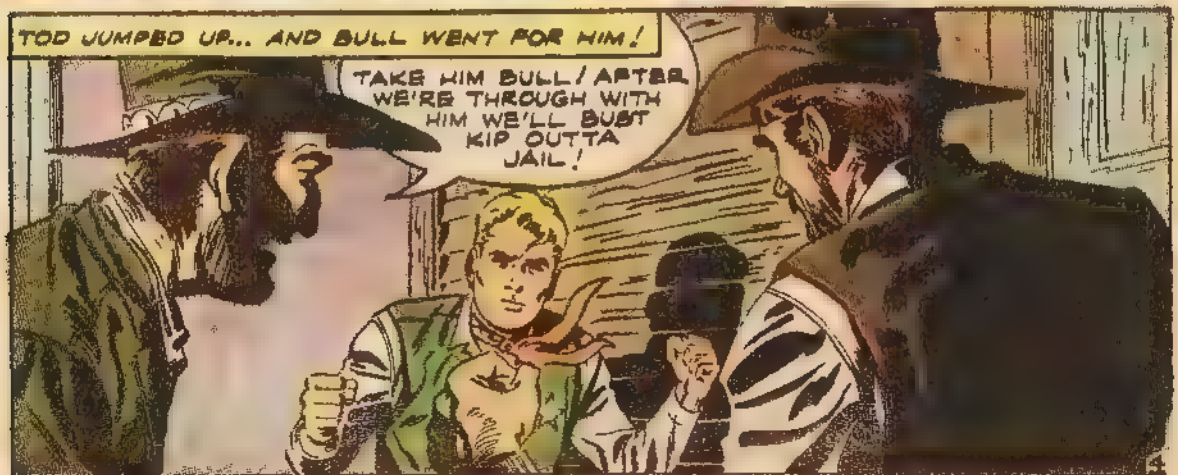
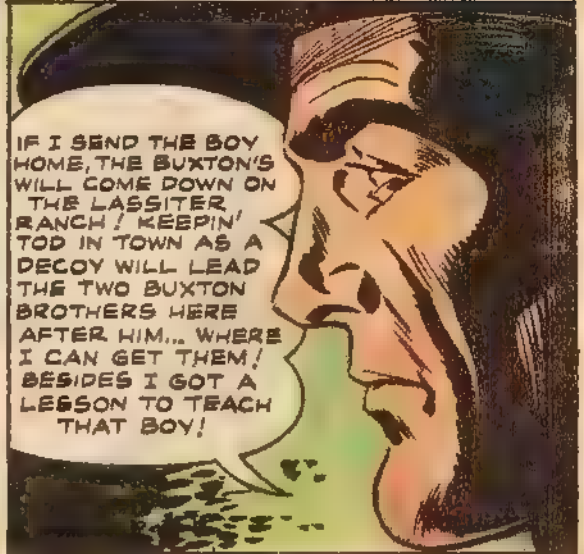
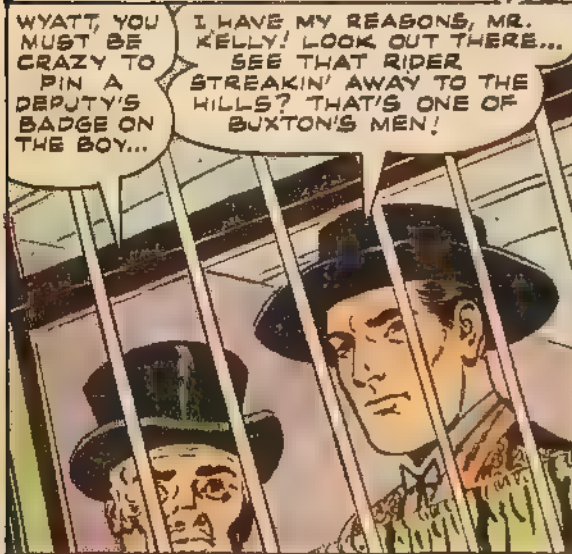


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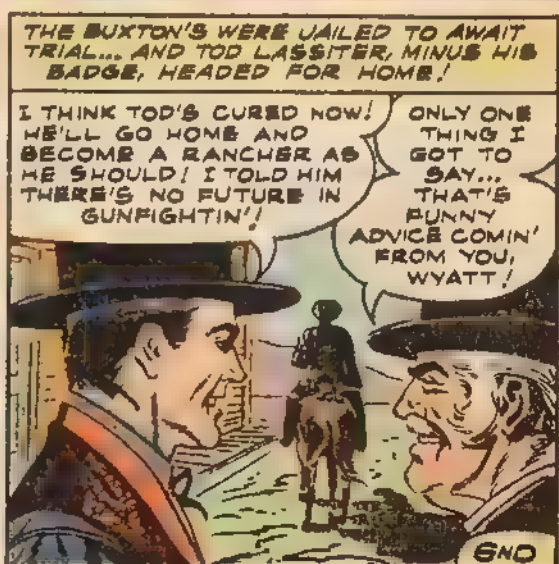
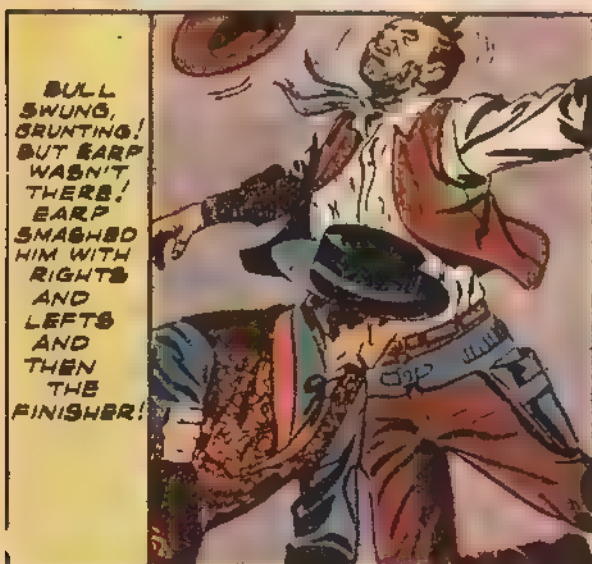
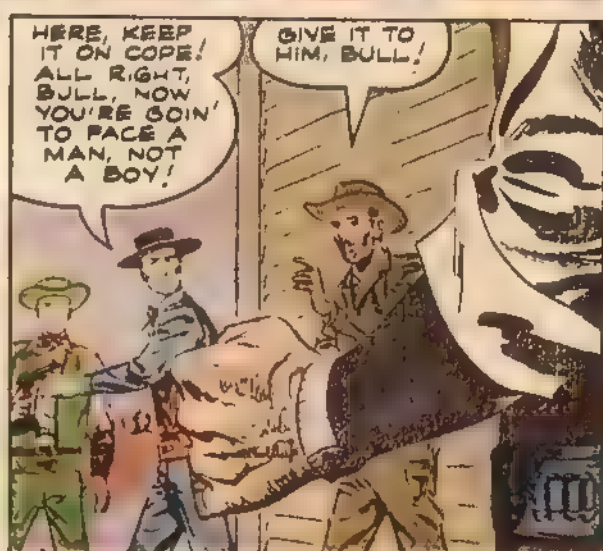
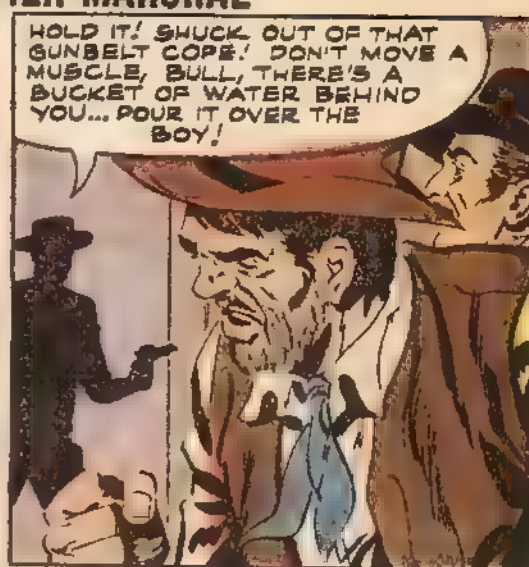


# WYATT EARP, FRONTIER MARSHAL





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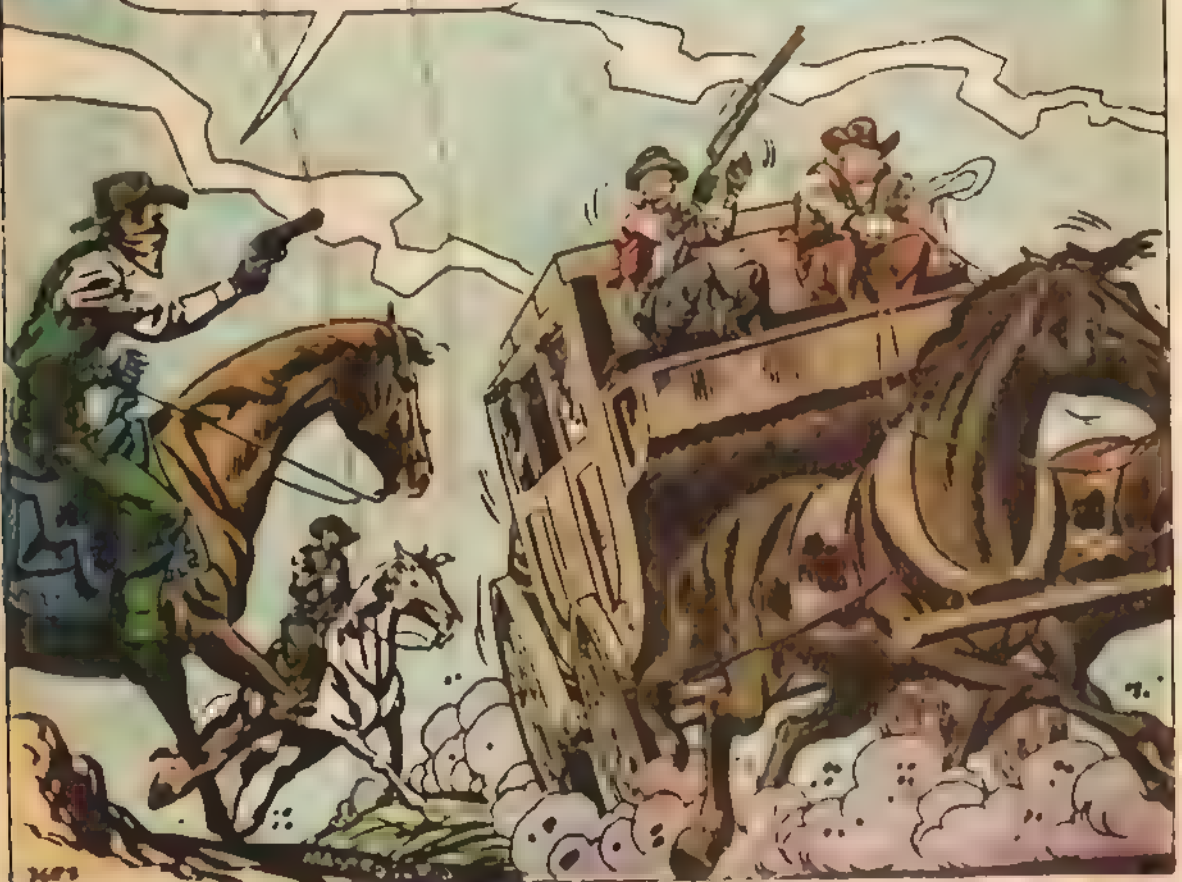


# WYATT EARP, FRONTIER MARSHAL

## WYATT EARP A SLIP OF THE TONGUE!

FOR MILES IT SEEMED THE STAGE WAS HELD UP! AND THE MASKED BANDITS MIGHT WELL HAVE GOTTEN AWAY WITH THEIR DARING HOLD UP... IF THEY HAD STAYED AND... BUT NO... THEY WENT AND... MAYBE, THEY'LL FIND AND... IF THEY HADN'T... THE R... THE SH...!

PULL UP! DON'T GET NO FANCY IDEAS AN' YUH WON'T GET HURT!



IN DODGE, EARP AND THE STAGE STATION CLERK WATCHED THE STAGE COME BACK TO TOWN!

IT'S THE STAGE! THEY MUST'VE BEEN HELD UP OR THEY WOULDN'T BE COMIN' BACK! AN' IT'S ALL MY FAULT BECAUSE OF MY FORGETFULNESS.



STOP WHININ' YOURSELF, BERT! IT ISN'T YOUR FAULT!

IT IS! IF I HADN'T RUN GOTTEN TO GO TO THE BANK WITH THE SHIPMENT THE STAGE WOULDN'T VE BEEN CARRYIN' CURRENTLY, HET PARD SOLD AN' IF I HADN'T SOLD A THE STRONG BOX IT WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN IN A PLAIN SACK.





# WYATT EARP, FRONTIER MARSHAL

EARP SPOKE FOR A MOMENT WITH THE DRIVER!

TOOK US PLUMB BY SURPRISE...TWO OF 'EM...

I'LL GET UP A POSSE RIGHT QUICK AN' GET ON THEIR TRAIL!

I NEED A POSSE TO GO AFTER THE STAGE ROBBERS! CHUCK, MACK, ARIZONA, MARCY... GET YOUR HORSES AN' I'LL DEPUTIZE YOU!

YOU TWO MEN WHO JUST RODE IN, HOW ABOUT YOU... IF YOUR HORSES AIN'T TOO T'IED?

WHY SURE! WE WOULDN'T MISS IT!

THE TWO STRANGERS GRINNED AND LOOKED AT ONE ANOTHER!

RIGHT, ED! WE SURE WANT TO BE THERE WHEN YUH CATCH THOSE TWO BANDITS WITH TH' SACK OF GOLD...

SUDDENLY THE MARSHAL SWUNG AROUND AND AS HE SPOKE THE STRANGERS DESPERATELY DREW...

**BLAM BLAM**

MARSHAL, HOW DID YOU KNOW IT WAS THEM?

THEY WERE STRANGERS, THEY COULDN'T KNOW THE STAGE WAS HELD UP BY TWO MEN, OR THAT IT CARRIED GOLD NOT CURRENCY, AND IN A SACK, NOT A STRONG BOX, UNLESS THEY WERE THE MEN WHO DID THE JOB!

END.



## Vale's Violin Valley

"I just can't figure it out," admitted Jeff Cameron, half owner of the Bar-XT Ranch. "Last month alone we lost thirty head of horses. Whoever the rustler is, that fellow has certainly figured out something new. What does he do? How does he get the horses off our ranches? Where does he go with them?"

"I lost ten horses myself," said Herb Granter of the Lazy-Q Ranch. "I have been checking around Dodge City, Cooperstown and Four Corners and even checked with the railroad at Mercerville, but not a horse has appeared for sale, nor has a horse been transported north or south. It gets me."

"What are you going to do about it?" demanded Slim Nash, the third owner present. His brand was the LOL and known well on both sides of the border because of the excellent quality of horses he sold. "There's something in this that really baffles me. How about that partner of yours, Jeff? He's an educated man. Can't he find the horses?"

In those days it was the custom of the rich men from England to invest their money in the cattle and horse ranches of a growing America. The returns of their investment were usually good. Wilfred Percival Vale, second son of Lord Darnsby had come to the southwest. He had purchased half an interest in the Bar-XT Ranch. It was well known that his real interest centered in just two things. One was the violin which he would practice for an hour each day and the other object of his interest was Helen Cameron whom he liked very much.

"So I'll send Wil out to look for the missing horses," smiled Jeff Cameron. "There isn't much for him to do around the ranch. But I better send Mike Donovan with him just in case there should be any trouble with the Indians or the rustlers."

Helen was setting the table and Wilfred Percival Vale had just finished with his violin

practice when Jeff Cameron returned from his meeting with the other two ranches.

"We have to find those missing horses," he told his partner. "Suppose you and Mike take a two week trip around the Prairies. Take enough grub for the time on a pack horse. Look around and maybe you can come up with the solution to the mystery."

Helen didn't like the idea of being separated even for that short interval of time from Wil. However she helped to assemble the necessary grub and early the next morning the two men were ready to leave. She kissed the man she loved and then gave a warning to Mike.

"Take good care of the boss. Be careful about those snakes on the Prairie. And stay away from the Indians."

It was only at the end of the first day's leisurely taken ride that Mike discovered his boss had also taken along the violin. There in the vast space of uninhabited territory, Wilfred Percival Vale practised on his violin for an hour. The horses seemed restless.

"Look boss," apologized Mike, "I don't think the horses appreciate good music. The violin has done something to them."

"Not the music," corrected Wil, "But evidently they are restless for another reason. Something tells them we are going to have a lot of company. And riding on horses."

Half an hour later about two hundred mounted Cheyenne under Chief Long Lance came to where the camp fire embers were dying out. The Englishman took his violin and played music. The Chief and several of his leading braves dismounted and listened attentively to the music.

"If one of my men sing Indian song, you make music?" he asked.

"I can do that," replied Wil. "Hope it is a good song."

Soon five Indians were singing an old



Cheyenne love song. Wil listened attentively. Then he reproduced the tune on his violin. Chief Long Lance was highly impressed.

"You come visit me at Fort Sill and play song," he said. "I give you any present you want. Why you here?"

Mike explained their search for the missing horses. The Chief spoke to his braves in his native tongue and then spoke in English to the two men.

"They know nothing of missing horses. They know nothing of rustlers who steal. They say horses go to hidden valley. Talk of big white horse that go out from hidden valley at night. He wants to be free. Wants other horses to be free. He visit the ranches. He get horses to follow him."

"Where is this hidden valley and how do I get to it?" asked Wil with curiosity in his voice.

"You follow Malindor River to where big falls come down. You wait and play music. Keep eyes open. You see horses."

The Chief then gave travelling directions to Mike and soon the two were on their way across the Prairie.

"Think there is anything to this story about the big white horse?" asked Mike.

"That remains to be seen," replied Wil. Those Indians were very peaceful."

Only later was he to learn that Chief Long Lance and his braves had left Fort Sill without the required permission of Colonel Nickleson. They were on their way to meet Chief Gornito and the Sioux he controlled. The purpose was to decide whether or not to take the warpath again. Fortunately for the settlers near the border, Chief Gornito had watched a demonstration of a Gatling gun. After a three day meeting, both Chiefs decided that at present it would be better to be at peace with the United States and draw food and clothing rations.

The two men reached their destination. The waterfalls was beautiful and the Englishman admired it greatly.

"Gives me an idea for a violin solo," he told Mike and then he started to compose it.

The two men slept peacefully until about midnight. Then Mike arose. He heard peculiar noises. He tugged at the sleeve of his boss.

"Take a look at what I see. Am I dreaming?"

The Englishman stared at the scene. He saw it yet couldn't believe what his eyes had witnessed. It seemed impossible but it was actually taking place! A white horse followed by three other horses went right through the waterfalls!

"That must be the entrance to the hidden valley," exclaimed Mike. "We, go through the waterfalls ourselves in the morning."

The two men were too excited to sleep the rest of the night. They had an early breakfast and then put on their slickers. They mounted

their horses. The pack horse with the food and supplies followed Mike's horse. They went right through the falling sheet of water and came into a rich valley.

"It is wonderful," exclaimed Wil. "Something out of the past. As peaceful as the day when not a white man was on this continent. Look! There's the white horse with about thirty other horses."

"So our rustler isn't a man but a horse," commented Mike. "I wonder if they will ever believe this story when we get back. We will have to take them here and show it to them."

"And then what?" demanded Wil. "Why can't there be one place of peace and quiet left? I guess I really wasn't cut out to be either a cowboy or ranch owner. I have an idea in my mind. I am going back and speak to the other two ranch owners. Then I will go to Fort Sill. Or perhaps I will go to Fort Sill first."

On his way to Fort Sill, the two men again met Chief Long Lance. They still at that time had no idea of what had happened. Wil told his plan to the Chief.

"For this I and my people will sell you the valley. Keep it that way always."

They all went to Fort Sill. There they talked with Colonel Nickleson. He drew up the bill of sale and witnessed it.

"I've seen and heard a lot of strange things during my twenty years in the army," he said. "But this one really is different. I just hope it works."

When Mike and Wil returned to the ranch, Wil called a meeting of the other two ranch owners and told them the situation.

"Your rustler happens to be a white horse. I will pay each of you for the missing horses. Let them remain in that valley. I bought it from the Indians. Set it up as sort of a last sanctuary where the wild horses can remain. I figure arrangements will have to be made later to keep some kind of guard there for protection against outsiders."

The two ranch owners refused to take any money for the horses.

"Maybe it doesn't make sense what we are doing," said Herb Granter. "But if that's the way you feel about it, we certainly can go along."

The place later became known as Vale's Violin Valley. It was a protected sanctuary. Wilfred Percival Vale married Helen and they went to England to live. Twice they made return trips to America and each time visited the horse sanctuary.

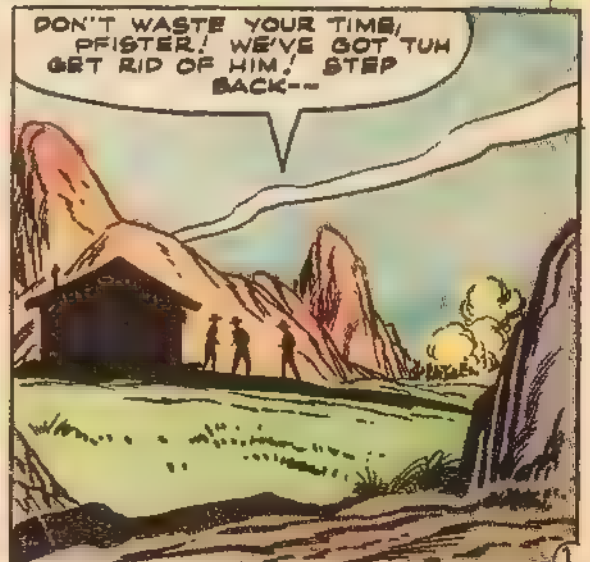
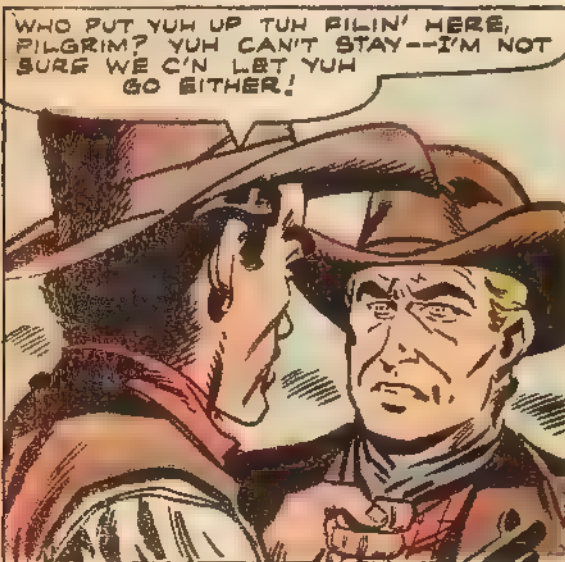
Mike who went on a salary with the job of special ranger would often tell people: "Wonder what would happen if he played his violin here?"



## WYATT EARP, FRONTIER MARSHAL

**M**ACE ALGREN LIKED THE SPOT--THERE WAS A FINE SPRING, RICH GRASS, AND A GOOD TRAIL SOUTH TO THE BORDER, OR NORTH TO THE CITY! HE WENT TO THE LAND OFFICE, FILED HIS CLAIM... AND CAME BACK TO THE CABIN TO LEARN THAT HE HAD COMPANY IN...

# TROUBLE PASS

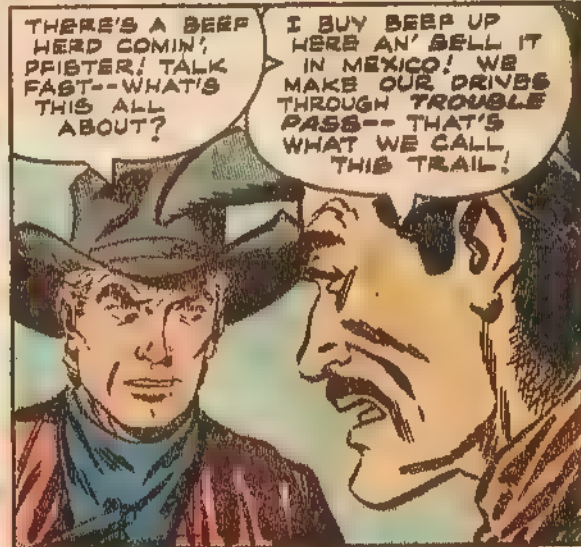
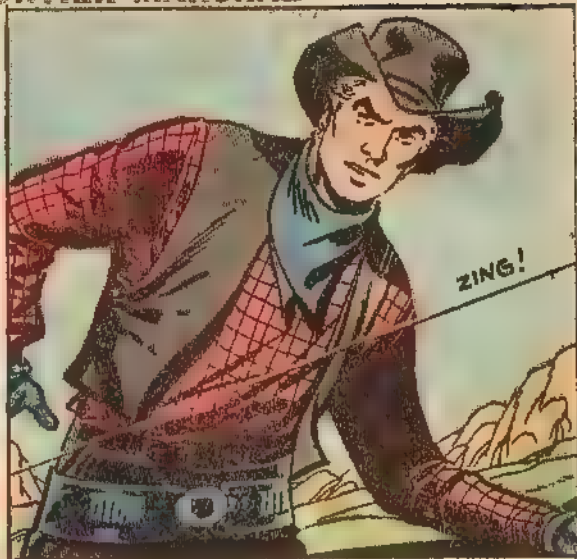
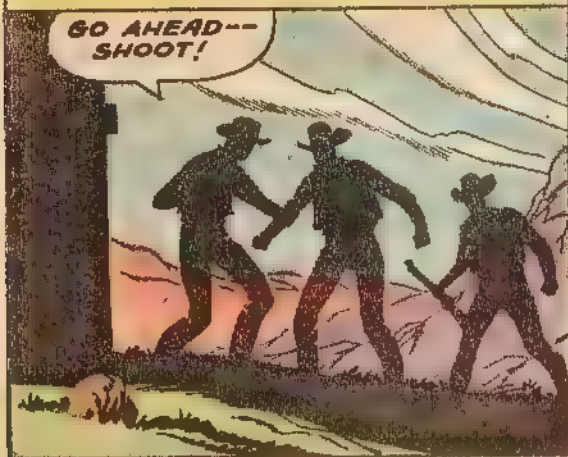




# WYATT EARP, FRONTIER MARSHAL

MACE ALGREN HAD SURVIVED A LOT TO GET TO THAT SPOT... HE KNEW HE WAS AT THE END OF THE TRAIL IF CRAWLEY GOT TO USE HIS WINCHESTER!

GO AHEAD--  
SHOOT!



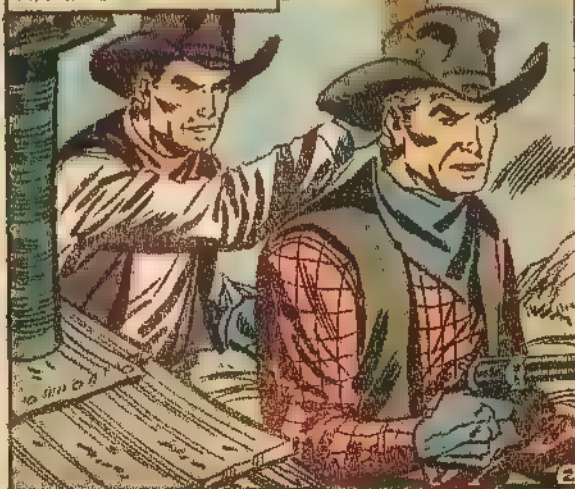
THERE'S A BEEP  
HERD COMIN',  
PFISTER! TALK  
FAST--WHAT'S  
THIS ALL  
ABOUT?

I BUY BEEP UP  
HERE AN' SELL IT  
IN MEXICO! WE  
MAKE OUR DRIVES  
THROUGH TROUBLE  
PASS-- THAT'S  
WHAT WE CALL  
THIS TRAIL!

I'M CHANGIN' THAT, PFISTER--I'M  
CALLIN' IT PEACEFUL ACRES! GET  
BACK--YUH'RE GONNA STOP THIS  
DRIVE!



MACE ALGREN DIDN'T HAVE EYES IN THE  
BACK OF HIS HEAD! IF HE HAD, HE'D  
HAVE SEEN THIS...





# 150 CIVIL WAR SOLDIERS!

TWO COMPLETE ARMIES—THE BLUES AND THE GREYS  
EACH PIECE OF MOLDED PLASTIC, EACH ON ITS OWN  
BASE MEASURING UP TO 4 INCHES

**\$1.49**



## EACH GUN BOX CONTAINS:

- |                  |                        |                   |
|------------------|------------------------|-------------------|
| 20 Cavalrymen    | 10 Field Cannon        | 4 Hospital Wagon  |
| 20 Infantrymen   | 4 Gatling Machine Guns | 4 Hospital Wagon  |
| 10 Sharpshooters | 4 Coast Mortars        | 4 Baggage         |
| 4 Scouts         | 4 Sergeants            | 2 Stevedore Ships |
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Corle Place  
Long Island, N. Y.

HERE'S MY \$1.49!

NO  
C.O.D.'s

Rush the CIVIL WAR SOLDIERS TO ME!

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Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Canadian Orders: Send \$1.75 Postal Money Order



# WYATT EARP, FRONTIER MARSHAL

EIGHT HUNDRED HEAD OF CATTLE WENT THROUGH HIS PASS BEFORE ALGREN CAME OUT OF THE FOG!

YUH GOT A HARD HEAD, BUSTER! SKINNER REALLY BELTED YUH!

YUH GOT YOUR BEEF THROUGH! WHAT MORE DO YUH WANT?



I GOT AN IDEE--I HEAR YUH GOT AN HONEST REPUTATION! I'M GONNA LET YUH STAY HERE, MISTER! IN FACT, I'M GONNA INSIST ON IT!



THEY'LL TRAIL THAT HERD THIS FAR-- WHEN THEY ASK YUH IF I DROVE BEEF THROUGH, YUH LIE! YUH SAY... HOLD IT!

I'M NOT LYIN', PFISTER!



THE BEEF OWNER SHOWED UP TWO HOURS LATER-- PFISTER'S GANG HAD THEM ACROSS THE RIO GRANDE BY THEN! MACE ALGREN FACED THE RANCHER ALONE!

HERE HE COMES-- REMEMBER, NO BEEF WAS DRIVEN THROUGH! YOU GOT A FEW COWS-- BLAME THE TRACKS ON THEM!



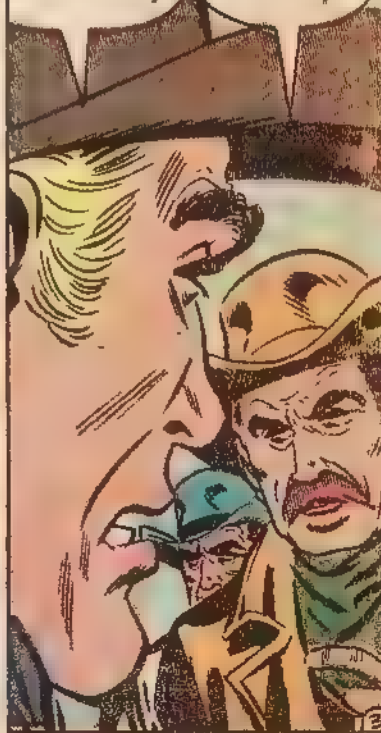
MISTER, I LOST EIGHT HUNDRED CATTLE! WHO DROVE THEM THROUGH HERE?

I...I DUNNO, MISTER! DON'T ASK ME ANY MORE, YUH BETTER TURN AROUND AN' GO BACK--YUH'RE TRESPASSIN' ON MY LAND!



YUH HEARD ME-- GIT! I'LL THROW YUH OFF-- YORE CREW WITH YUH!

NO TINHORN RUSTLER'S GONNA TALK TUM ME THET WAY.





# WYATT EARP, FRONTIER MARSHAL

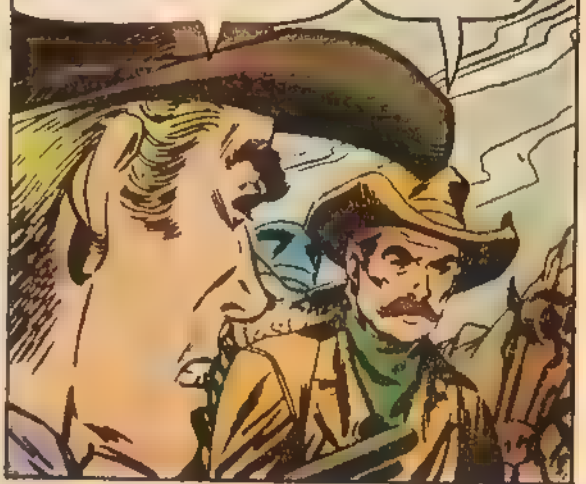
THE RANCHER WENT FOR HIS COLT... BUT MACE GRABBED HIS FIST BEFORE HE COULD CLEAR LEATHER!

DROP IT! THERE'S A MAN NAMED PFISTER INSIDE-- HE'S GOT A GUN ON BOTH OF US! HE RUSTLED YORE BEEF!



NOW BEAT IT! TAKE YORE MEN AN' GO BACK THE WAY YUH CAME!

I'M NOT ARGUIN' MISTER!



NICE GOING, BUSTER! I'LL TAKE THAT GUN NOW--MESSE WE CAN DO BUSINESS ON A FRIENDLY BASIS!

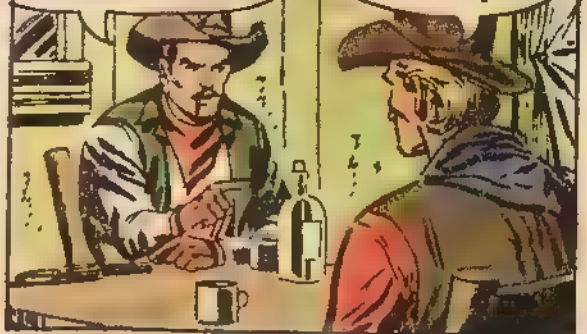
SURE WE CAN-- IT'LL BE A LOT MORE FRIENDLY IF WE BOTH HAVE GUNS!



PFISTER HAD IDEAS... MACE LISTENED AND WAS ENTHUSIASTIC AS THE OUTLAW INCLUDED HIM IN HIS FUTURE PLANS!

YUH'LL STAY RIGHT HERE--HELP US GET THE RUSTLED BEEF OVER THE BORDER AN' WE CUT YUH IN. EQUAL SHARE!

SURE--BUT WILL THE GANG AGREE? CRAWLEY'S GOT A BAD SHOULDER ON ACCOUNTA ME!



PFISTER STALLED... NEITHER MAN TRUSTED THE OTHER OR CLOSED HIS EYES THAT NIGHT! THE GANG WAS BACK WITH CASH THE NEXT MORNING!

YOU'RE CRAZY, BOSS! HE'S WRONG FOR US--HE'LL CROSS US UP FIRST CHANCE HE GETS!

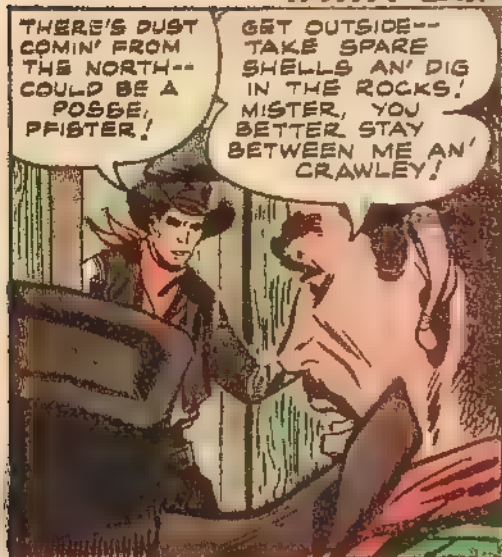


WE MIGHT-- BUT YUH GOTTA TAKE THAT CHANCE! IF YUH DON'T, I'LL USE THIS COLT-- AN' SOMEONE'S GOING TO GET HURT AGAIN!



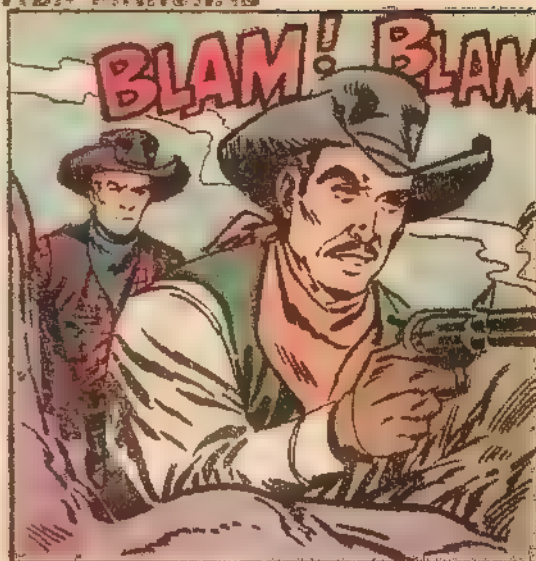


# WYATT EARP, FRONTIER MARSHAL

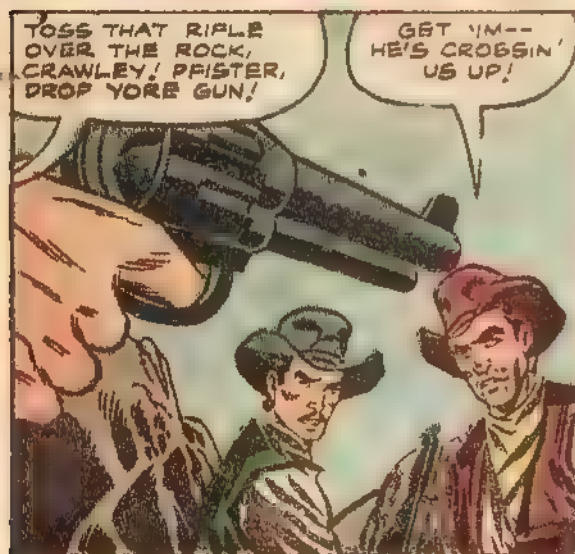


GET OUTSIDE--  
TAKE SPARE  
SHELLS AN' DIG  
IN THE ROCKS!  
MISTER, YOU  
BETTER STAY  
BETWEEN ME AN'  
CRAWLEY!

PFISTERS  
GANG  
HAD  
FOUGHT  
OFF  
SHERIFF'S  
POSSES  
BEFORE!  
THEY  
FORTED  
UP AND  
BEGAN  
SHARP-  
SHOOTING  
AT THE  
POSSE!



**BLAM! BLAM!**



TOSS THAT RIFLE  
OVER THE ROCK,  
CRAWLEY! PFISTER,  
DROP YORE GUN!

GET 'IM--  
HE'S CROSSIN'  
US UP!

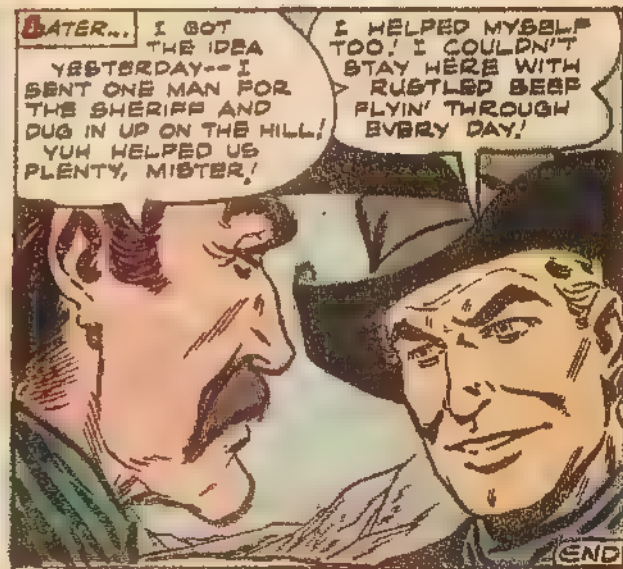
IT WAS SKINNER WHO WOULD'VE ENDED  
ALGREN'S CAREER THEN... HE WAS  
AIMING CAREFULLY, ABOUT TO FIRE WHEN..



**BLAM!**



WATCH IT,  
MISTER!



LATER... I GOT  
THE IDEA  
YESTERDAY-- I  
SENT ONE MAN FOR  
THE SHERIFF AND  
DUG IN UP ON THE HILL!  
YUH HELPED US  
PLENTY, MISTER!

I HELPED MYSELF  
TOO! I COULDN'T  
STAY HERE WITH  
RUSTLED BEEP  
FLYIN' THROUGH  
EVERY DAY!

END



# CHEYENNE KID

WELCOMES 'FUN WITH POP' AT HIS RANCH

MR. DOOLY TAKES THE KIDS OUT FOR A VISIT TO THE RANCH OF THE CHEYENNE KID...

WELL NOW, LET'S PUT ON REAL WESTERN OUTFITS... TRY THESE CHAPS, TOMMY!

OH, BOY!

AFTER GETTING SETTLED, THE FUN BEGINS...

GEE, POP I D.D.N'T KNOW YOU COULD SPIN A LARIAT!

LATER... "HERE'S A GOOD PLACE TO STOP, REST AND EAT."

AND SO WE LEAVE FOUR HAPPY PEOPLE...

HOME, HOME ON THE RANGE... ♪

REMEMBER KIDS, YOUR POP IS YOUR PAL...  
ENJOY LIFE WITH HIM...  
GO OUT AND HAVE FUN WITH POP!



THIS IS PRESENTED AS A CHARLTON PUBLIC SERVICE

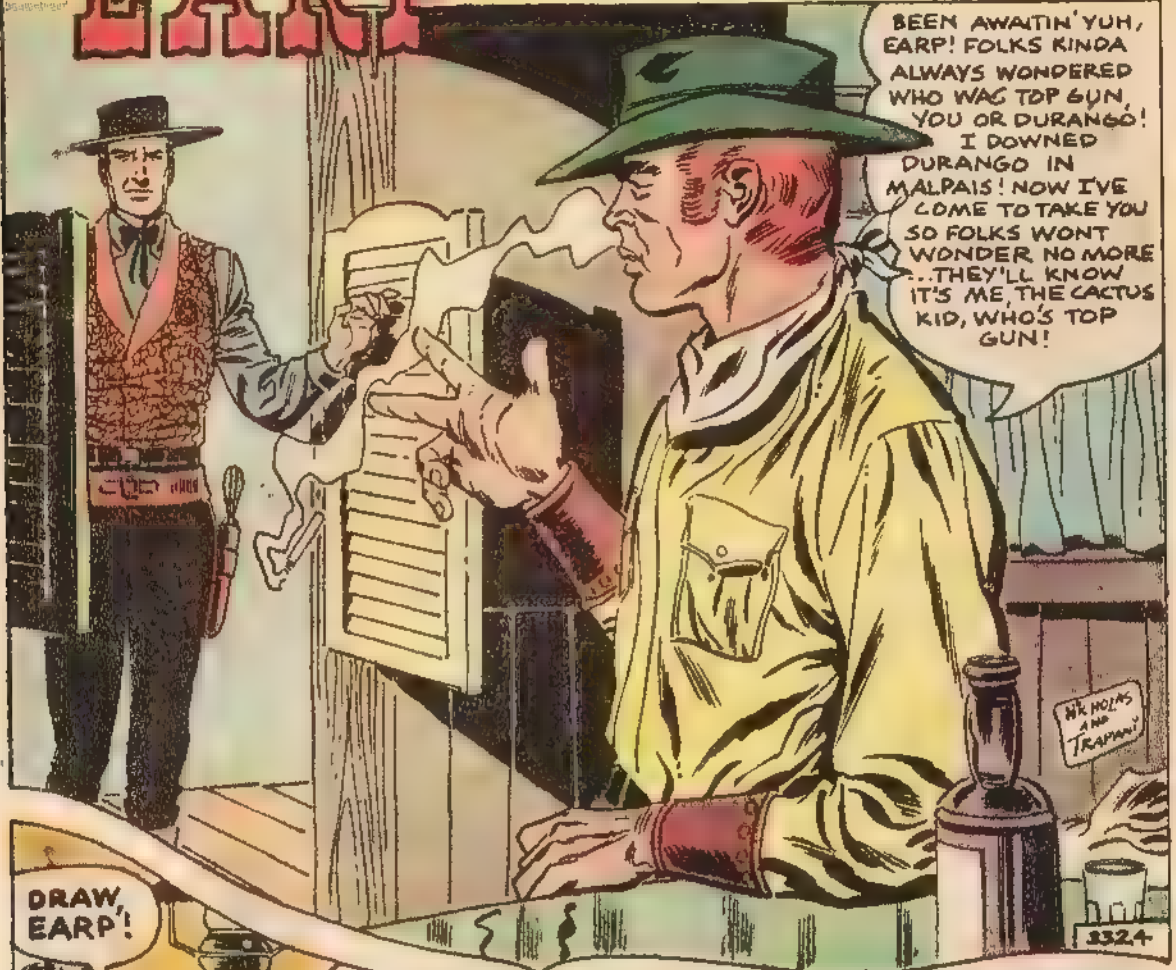


## WYATT EARP, FRONTIER MARSHAL

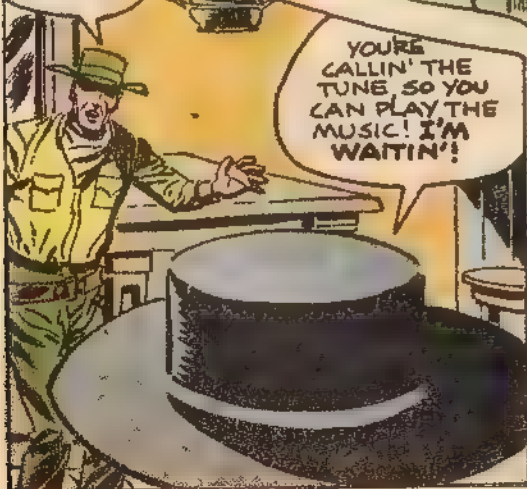
# WYATT EARP

## THE NERVOUS GUNMAN

THE CACTUS KID STOOD WITH EYES COLD AND PITILESS! IN HIM WAS A TERRIBLE DRIVE TO DOWN WYATT EARP, GUNFIGHTING MARSHAL OF DODGE! FOR THIS WAS THE WAY OF THE GUNMAN, TO STEP UPWARD ON THE REPUTATION OF HIS VICTIMS UNTIL HE WAS ACCLAIMED TOP GUN...



DRAW, EARP!



THE KID MOUTHED A VICIOUS SOUND AND HIS HAND FLASHED DOWN...





# WYATT EARP, FRONTIER MARSHAL

HE WAS FAST, FAST AS THE REPTILE HE RESEMBLED... BUT WYATT EARP WAS FASTER!



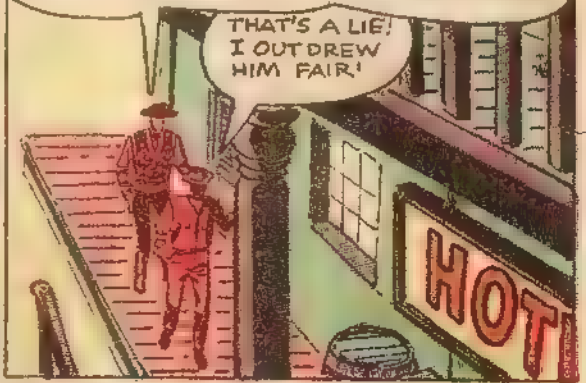
YUH...YUH BEAT ME!

YES AND NOW YOU'RE GOIN' TO JAIL!

MOVE OUT INTO THE STREET AHEAD OF ME!



YOU SAID YOU DOWNED DURANGO! I HEARD DURANGO WAS A SICK MAN WHEN YOU OUTDREW HIM, THAT HE HAD A FEVER, AN' SHAKES FROM SOME BAD WATER!



THAT'S A LIE! I OUTDREW HIM FAIR!

MAYBE, MAYBE NOT! BUT DURANGO IS STILL ALIVE! A SMART SAWBONES TOOK YOUR BULLET OUT OF HIM AN' HE'S RIDIN' AGAIN!



THEN I'LL MEET HIM AGAIN... AN' THIS TIME I'LL MAKE SURE!

HEARD YOU TOOK IN THE CACTUS KID! HE'S THE GUNSLINGER THAT OUTDREW DURANGO, AINT HE?



YEAH! A COUPLE OF BAD ONES! TOP GUNS 'AN BAD!

MARSHAL, I JUST SAW DURANGO ON THE WEST TRAIL RIDIN' THIS WAY! AN' MARSHAL, HE LOOKS MEAN AS A BEAR AN' NERVOUS AS A CAT!





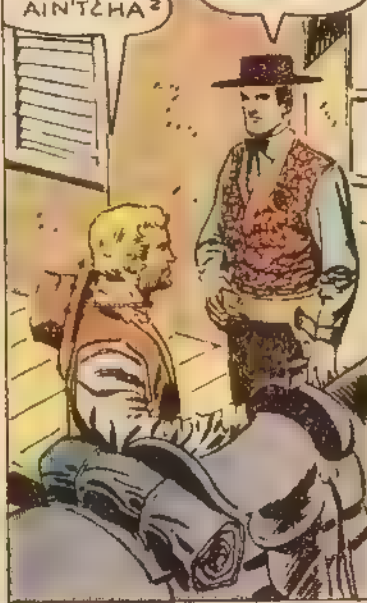
# WYATT EARP, FRONTIER MARSHAL

HE ROPE INTO DODGE, A BIG TOUGH MAN, HIS HAND NERVOUS ON HIS GUNBUT, HIS BEADY EYES MOVING WICKEDLY!



YOU'RE WYATT EARP AIN'TCHA?

THAT'S RIGHT!



JUST WANTED TO KNOW TO MAKE'SURE!



SORRY, STRANGER!



WATCH IT DURANGO! HOLSTER THAT GUN!



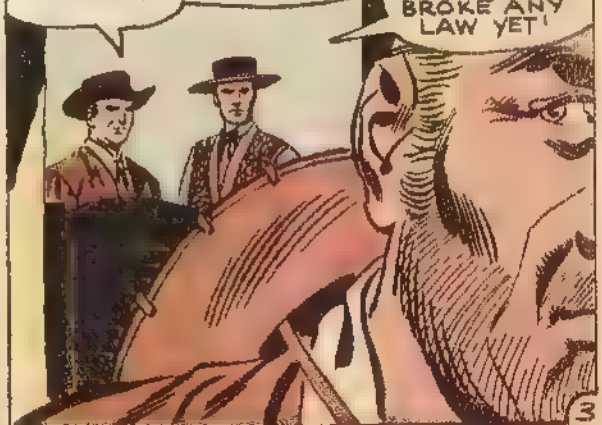
KIND OF JUMPY, AIN'T YOU DURANGO?

THAT'S MY BUSINESS! A MAN LIKE ME'S GOTTA BE CAREFUL!



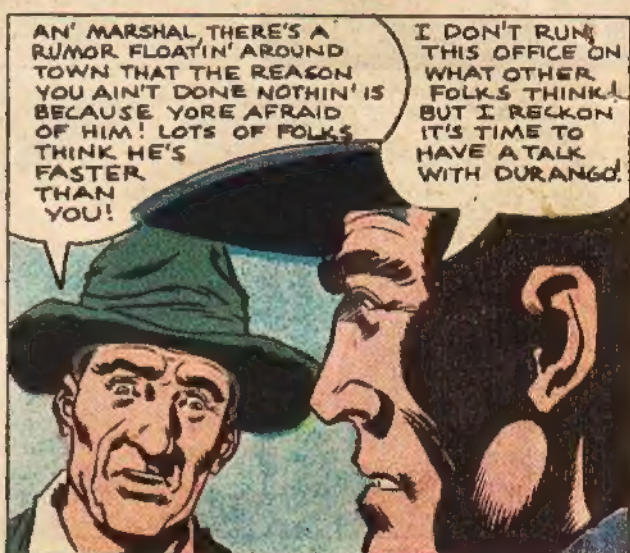
NEVER SAW A TOP GUNSLINGER SO NERVOUS IN MY LIFE! HE'S GONNA BRING TROUBLE WYATT! WHY DON'T YUH RUN HIM OUTTA TOWN BEFORE THERE'S GRIEF!

I CAN'T BEN, HE AIN'T BROKE ANY LAW YET!



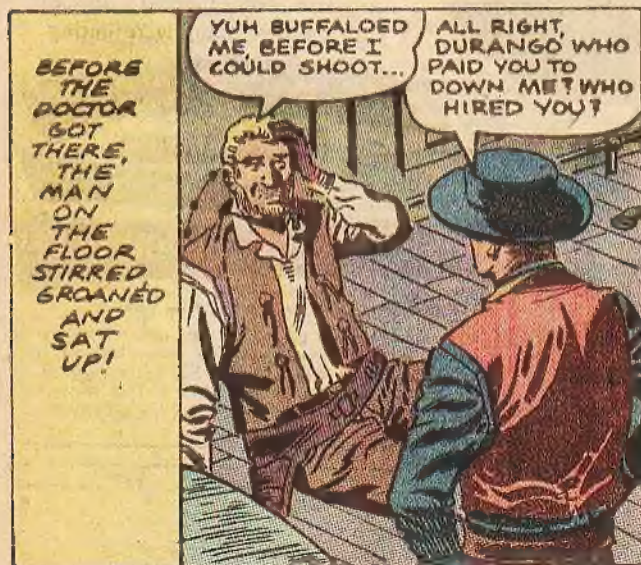
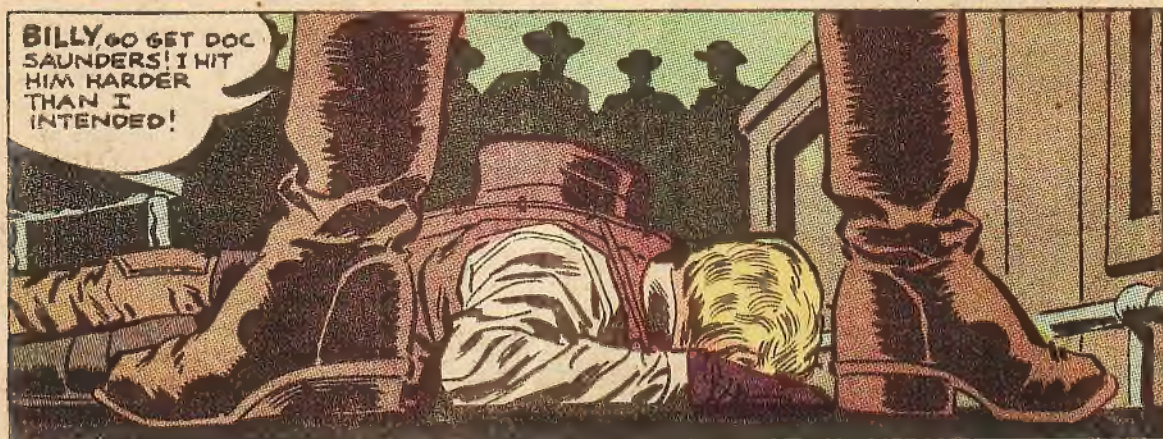


# WYATT EARP, FRONTIER MARSHAL



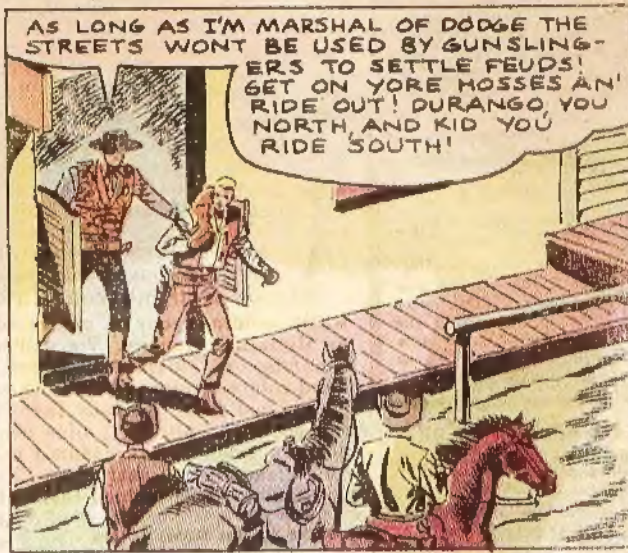


## WYATT EARP, FRONTIER MARSHAL





# WYATT EARP, FRONTIER MARSHAL







## A Real Live PARRAKEET

"the talking bird"

Beautiful Parakeet makes a lively pet. All birds are of finest quality from talking stock. Sent in a sturdy wire cage with instructions for teaching it to talk and do tricks. Safe delivery guaranteed.

ELVIS PRESLEY GUITAR  
Regulation 3/4 String



DAISY "EAGLE"  
AIR RIFLE  
with scope



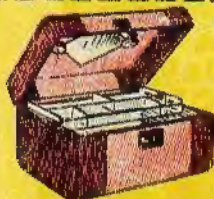
BALLISTIC MISSILE ROCKET  
Soars High in the Air



Official  
Size  
BASKETBALL and GOAL



Cuckoo-  
style  
CLOCK



GIRLS' TRAVEL CASE

CHEMICRAFT LAB  
with atomic  
energy book



# CHOOSE YOUR PRIZE

It's Yours—So Easily

Take your choice of a wonderful Parakeet (the talking bird) or any of these other prizes. They can be yours—quickly, easily. Many prizes shown here and dozens more in our Big Prize Book are given WITH-OUT COST for selling 30 XMAS PACKS at 35c each. Some of the larger prizes require more sales or extra money as explained in the Big Prize Book.

Be First in Your Neighborhood  
It's easy to sell XMAS PACKS to

your family, friends and neighbors. Each pack contains five beautiful Christmas Cards and Envelopes—a great big value for 35c. They are much easier to sell than large expensive boxes of cards. Many boys and girls sell their packs in one day. You can, too—and get your prize at once. Or, if you want money instead of a prize, keep \$3.50 in cash for every order you sell.

Send No Money. We Trust You  
Mail coupon today for your XMAS PACKS and Big Prize Book—give the other coupon to a friend.

AMERICAN SPECIALTY COMPANY, Dept. 888, Lancaster, Pa.  
MORE PRIZES TO CHOOSE FROM!

Eastman Camera	Mystery Sweep Watch	World Globe Student Lamp
Sleeping Bag	Spin Fishing Set	Cooking Kit with Canteen
Table Tennis Set	Microscope Outfit	8 mm. Movie Projector
Cowboy Guitar	Printing Press	Trip to Moon Projector
Binoculars	Complete Bowling Set	Glass Bow Archery Set
Ant Farm	Electric Jig Saw	Engine Power Airplane
Pup Tent	Colt 45 Cap Pistol	Transistor Radio Kit
Bride Doll	Electric Pipe Organ	Set of Encyclopedia
Knapack	Daisy Target Pistol	and many more!

AXE & KNIFE KIT



ARCHERY SET  
54" Laminated Bow



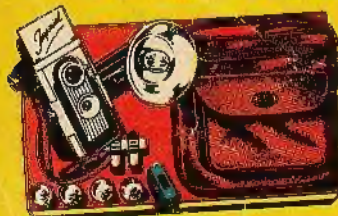
BOYS' AND  
GIRLS'  
Wrist Watches



WYATT EARP  
Holster Set with  
Suntline Special Gun



POOL TABLE  
SET



Complete Reflex CAMERA OUTFIT



Photo LOCKET SET

## Extra Coupon for a Friend

AMERICAN SPECIALTY CO., Dept. 888F, Lancaster, Pa.  
Please send me your Big Prize Book and one order of 30 XMAS PACKS. I will sell the packs at 35c each, send you the money and choose my prize.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
Town \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

## Mail This—Send No Money

AMERICAN SPECIALTY CO., Dept. 888, Lancaster, Pa.  
Please send me your Big Prize Book and one order of 30 XMAS PACKS. I will sell the packs at 35c each, send you the money and choose my prize.

Name Robert Chin  
Address 394 UNION ST  
Town San Francisco State Calif.